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AN  
ADDRESS

ON THE

Life, Character and Writings

OF

ELISHA BARTLETT, M.D., M.M.S.S.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA AND MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE  
IN THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, NEW YORK,

BEFORE THE

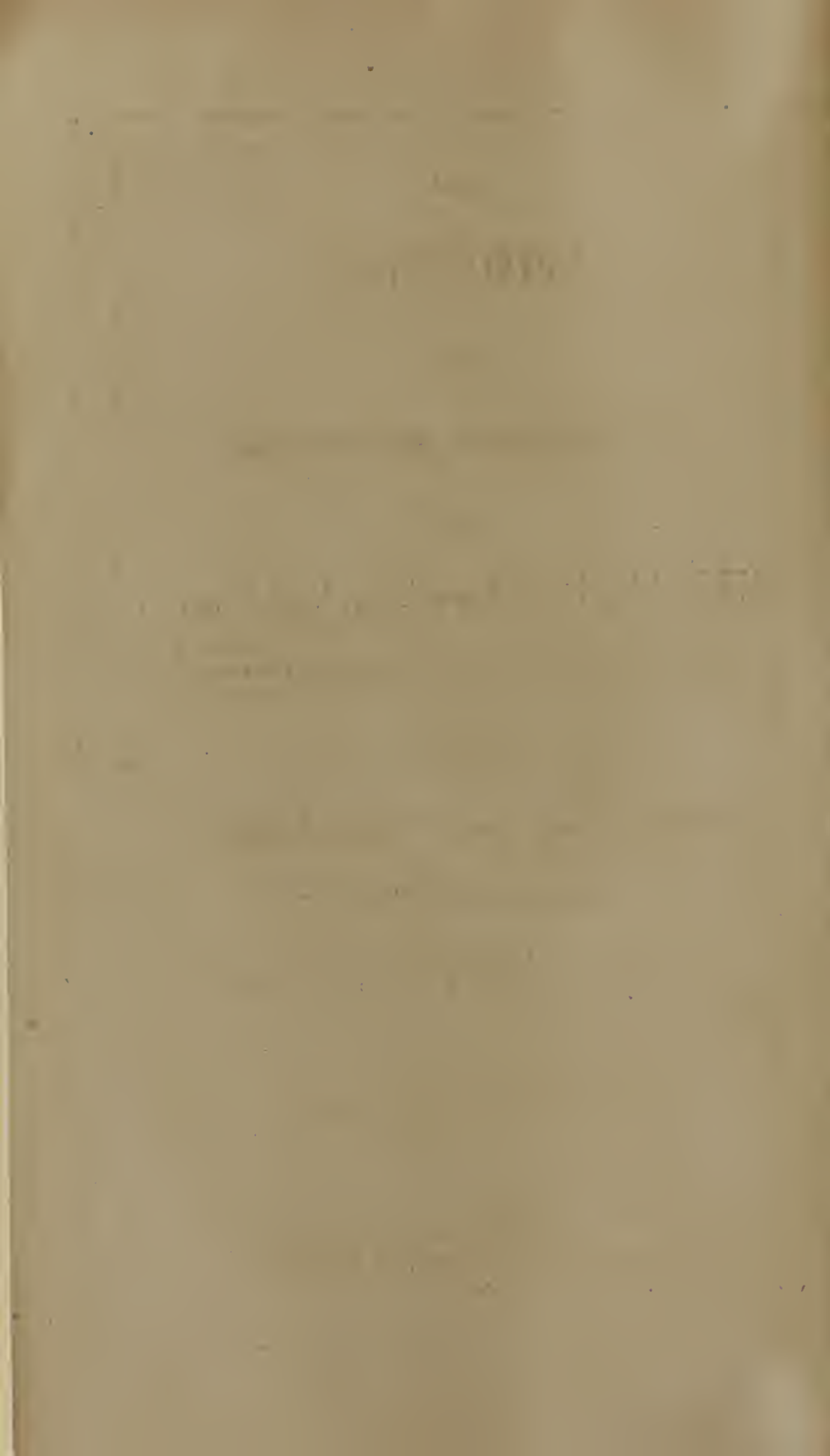
Middlesex North District Medical Society,

DECEMBER 26, 1855,

BY ELISHA HUNTINGTON, M. D.

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PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.  
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LOWELL:  
S. J. VARNEY, 27 CENTRAL STREET.  
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# ADDRESS.

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GENTLEMEN OF THE MIDDLESEX

NORTH DISTRICT MEDICAL SOCIETY :—

In undertaking the duty, you have been pleased to assign me, of preparing some notice or memorial of our deceased friend and brother, Dr. Elisha Bartlett, I sensibly feel my inadequacy to do full justice to his memory ; and, yet, I cannot well decline the honorable trust, so kindly tendered me, hoping to be able to present some facts and incidents of his life, in a manner not altogether uninteresting to you, or unsatisfactory to myself.

Dr. Elisha Bartlett, the son of Otis and Wait Bartlett, was born in Smithfield, R. I., Oct. 6th, 1804. His parents were highly respectable members of the Society of Friends, and possessed all the unostentatious virtues, for which that sect of Christians is so distinguished. Of his father, whose death preceded his own, but by a few weeks, it is said, by one authorized to speak, that he lived the life of a practical Christian, in daily compliance with that divine command, “ Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you.” His intelligence was general and remark-

able. Books were his companions, solace and delight. His judgment and taste, in literature, were correct and critical. He was a constant reader of the leading journals of the day, and a careful observer of the progress of political events, both at home and abroad. In his disposition he was gentle and retiring. Where he was best known, there he was most fully appreciated, and in the bosom of his own family, he was ever the recipient of love unspeakable.

Dr. Bartlett's mother, who died in 1825, was one of five sisters, all remarkable for their mental endowments, but still more for their Christian graces. Never did there exist warmer attachment, between parent and child, than between that mother and her darling first-born, an attachment that death did not obliterate or impair. Long years after she was laid in the grave, he cherished her precious memory with undying affection, and the pleasant expressions of endearment, she was accustomed to address him in childhood, he treasured up in his heart, and, in after life, often said they were the source of higher gratification to him than any tokens of the world's approbation he had received since.

Under the culture of such intelligent and pious parents were the early years of our deceased friend passed. Under their teachings and watchings and prayers was his character formed and trained, till it grew up, in beauty and symmetry, to a perfect manhood.

Dr. Bartlett received his academic education, at a seminary, in his native town, also at a school in Uxbridge, in this State, and at a Friends institution in New York, under the care of Jacob Willett, a celebra-

ted teacher. Through these various sources, he obtained a thorough and highly finished classical education, without having received the honors of the University. His professional education, also, was pursued under several masters, all of them men of distinction, — Dr. Willard, of Uxbridge, Drs. Greene and Heywood, of Worcester, and Dr. Levi Wheaton, of Providence. He attended medical lectures in both Boston and Providence, and took his degree of Doctor in Medicine, at Brown University, in 1826.

Soon after his graduation he sailed for Europe, and passed a year in Paris, in attendance upon the lectures of the illustrious professors and savans, that abound in that metropolis of the healing art.

While abroad, he visited Italy, and indulged his classic taste, in exploring the ruins and admiring the works of art in that land of song and story, and his mind, to the day of his death, held in store vivid recollection of the scenes he there enjoyed. In 1827, he returned to his native land, and, in December of that year, came to this then new and rising town, while yet in his early manhood, full of high and inspiring hope, and commenced his professional life. In 1829, he was married to Elizabeth Slater, daughter of John Slater, Esq., of Smithfield. The union proved a most happy one. She was his constant companion and sympathizing friend in all the varied scenes of life, and, in his hours of sickness and pain, a truly ministering angel.

Dr. Bartlett's elegant person and accomplished manners, his uncommon conversational powers, and his varied attainments rendered him a universal favorite,

and were better passports, than even the diploma of the University, to a highly respectable practice; a practice that may rather be said to have sought him, than to have been sought by him. He hardly availed himself of even the means a physician may consistently and honorably use, for extending his professional business; much less did he ever pursue it, through disreputable or doubtful courses. I utter but the sentiment of all his cotemporaries, when I say, that no more honorable, high-minded man ever adorned the walks of our profession. He was above all artifice, all concealments. Indeed, they were foreign to his very nature. Openness, candor, truthfulness were among his most marked and distinguishing traits.—There are men, whose characters are a study, whose lives an enigma, an analysis of whose moral natures would defy the skill of the most acute psychologist. But, to this class, did not belong the subject of our notice. He was truly the most transparent of men. It would almost seem, that his mind and heart were encased in a crystal body, through which pellucid medium all the operations of the one, and even the affections of the other, could be traced and seen.

His childlike simplicity, his sweet and loving disposition, his purity of life, his gentleness of temper and conduct, his honesty and uprightness were all mirrored in his face, and so strongly marked, and so beautifully and harmoniously blended, that a stranger, even, could not mistake his character. But, those only, whose happiness it was to know him intimately, to live in his confidence, to share in his sympathies and affection, could fully appreciate the intrinsic graces

and completeness of that character. He was eminently social in his habits and disposition, and was never happier than when, in the midst of trusty and confiding friends, throwing off all reserve, he could give full play to his exuberant fancy, and playful but subdued humor. Then it was, he became the centre of attraction to the circle around him. I have already alluded to his powers of conversation. He possessed this rare gift in great perfection. Its tone was always elevated and refined, never approaching to coarseness or vulgarity, on the one hand, or pedantry and affectation on the other.

Dr. Bartlett was most highly estimated, outside, so to speak, of his profession, and enjoyed, in a marked degree, the confidence, respect and esteem of all classes of citizens. Hence he was brought, quite early, into public notice.

In 1836, a city charter was granted to the town of Lowell. A most absorbing interest was very naturally felt in the election of the first Mayor. Political parties were nearly equally balanced, and political feeling was at fever heat. Each party was desirous of the honor of inaugurating the young municipality, as all of us, who were actors in the scenes of those days, well remember. In a struggle so doubtful, from the evenly balanced strength of the antagonist organizations, each felt how vitally important it was to present, for the popular suffrages, its strongest man. Dr. Bartlett was regarded by the party, of which he was a leading and influential member, not only as eminently qualified for the place, but as the man, above all others, upon whom the strength of the party could be



most certainly concentrated; and, he was, accordingly, selected, with singular unanimity, as their candidate.

He was opposed by Eliphalet Case, Esq., at that time, and for many years, the champion of the democracy of Lowell, a professed and sagacious politician, and no mean antagonist for any man to contend against. The election resulted favorably to our young friend, and he at once entered upon the new and untried duties of his office. He was re-elected the following year, at the expiration of which time, he declined all further service in this line. He was a popular chief magistrate, and possessed, certainly, very fair administrative abilities; yet the position was a somewhat irksome one, and hardly suited to his literary tastes and studious habits. He often spoke of the pleasure he felt when Saturday night came, bringing with it, not only the promise of a day of rest, but a brief respite from official cares and labors.

In 1840, he was elected a member of the Legislature. His native modesty, and the diffidence, very becoming in a young man, upon his first connection with so imposing a body as our House of Representatives, prevented his taking a leading part in debate, and I am not aware, that his Legislative career was marked by any brilliant or extraordinary success.—Dr. Bartlett, certainly, had all the gifts and graces of an accomplished, persuasive orator, and, in a good degree, also, the sterner powers and qualities of mind, that, if rightly trained, would have fitted him for a *statesman*, but never for a *politician*. Had he been elevated to a seat in the councils of the nation, as

many of his friends desired, and, as very probably he would have been, had he remained a citizen among us, and sought or accepted such promotion, it is very doubtful, if he would have become so eminently distinguished, or so eminently useful, as he confessedly was, in the less ostentatious, but not less important and honorable profession, of which he was the pride and the ornament. His honors were not to be won in the forum. Another destiny awaited him; another field of wider usefulness, of more beneficial labor was before him; a field, in which his brilliant mind, his pure and refined taste, his never ceasing desire to benefit his fellow-men, would all find ample scope and exercise; a field, in which, as he was sure to merit, he could hardly fail to receive, the highest professional honors and rewards. He found the very niche for which God intended him, the very mission he was created to fulfil,—that of a **MEDICAL TEACHER**.

Quite early in Dr. Bartlett's professional career, he gave indubitable evidence of his peculiar fitness for this department of labor, and his services were eagerly sought. In 1828, he was offered the chair of anatomy in the, then, new school in Woodstock, Vt., which he declined. In 1832, he was appointed to his first Professorship at Pittsfield, which he held for several years. He had a chair one year in the Medical Department of Dartmouth College, and one year in Baltimore. He accepted a Professorship in Transylvania University, Ky., which he retained six consecutive years, and one in the Louisville School for a single year. Woodstock, also, at length, obtained his services, and he lectured there eight or nine years in connec-

tion with his labors in Kentucky. In all these Institutions, his services were most highly appreciated by his colleagues, and most acceptable to his students. Among his pupils were many now holding high and honorable rank in the profession, in various parts of New England and throughout the South and West. They all revere his name and his memory, and the most pleasant recollections of their student-life, as I have heard many of them declare, were associated with their old preceptor, teacher and friend, Prof. Bartlett.

He was at last called to an important chair, in the eminent College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the city of New York, and became the compeer of such brilliant and congenial minds as Parker, Gilman, Clark and others. Some years prior to this period, he was a prominent candidate for a Professorship in the same institution, and ever had a laudable ambition in that direction. That ambition was now fully gratified, and he attained a position of honor and usefulness, of which no man was more worthy, and for which few so admirably fitted. Bringing such ripe scholarship, such varied attainments and ample experience to his new post of duty, he was an honor to the venerable college of Physicians and Surgeons, and materially strengthened her able *corps* of teachers.

Never was the professor's chair more gracefully filled than by Dr. Bartlett. His urbane and courteous manners, his native and simple eloquence, his remarkable power of illustration, the singular beauty and sweetness of his style, all combined to render him one of the most popular and attractive of lecturers. The driest and most barren subject, under his touch, be-



came instinct with life and interest, and the path, in which the traveler looked to meet with briers and weeds only, he was surprised and delighted to find strown with flowers, beautiful and fragrant. *Non tetigit, quod non ornavit.* There was a magic about the man you could not withstand; a fascination you could not resist.

Dr. Bartlett continued in this latter connection for three years, and until his failing health admonished him to withdraw from the active duties and labors of his useful life.

In another department of the profession, also, Dr. Bartlett's talents and acquirements eminently qualified him to labor, successfully, that of writer and author. The graceful oral instructor was no less the charming, polished writer. His two most important and elaborate works are a treatise on Typhoid and Typhus Fever, and an essay on the Philosophy of Medical Science, both of which have given him an enviable reputation as a writer. In February, 1832, he commenced alone, and on his sole responsibility, the publication of a "Monthly Journal of Medical Literature," a spirited periodical printed in this town. In July following, this was merged in the "Medical Magazine," a more elaborate undertaking, of which he was joint editor with the late Dr. A. L. Pierson and Dr. J. B. Flint, and which was continued for three years. What reasons existed for its discontinuance, unless the too common one, want of sufficient patronage, I am not aware. It was a publication of a high order of merit, as might well be inferred from the known character and talents of its accomplished editors. Dr.

Bartlett was a contributor, also, to the American Medical Journal, and many valuable papers, that adorn the columns of that standard periodical, were from his pen.

A useful little book, entitled "Certainty in Medicine," was published by him, some ten years since, and is a very valuable present to our native stock of Medical Literature. Of his miscellaneous published works, I shall speak in another place.

"The History, Diagnosis and Treatment of Typhoid and Typhus Fever, with an essay on the Diagnosis of Bilious Remittent and Yellow Fever," was published in 1842. "My book aims," says the author, "at no other excellence, and no higher merit, than that of being a methodical and compendious summary of the actual state of our knowledge, upon two most common and most important diseases." Notwithstanding this modest disclaimer of originality or other merit, than that of having brought together, and embodied a mass of facts and observations scattered through numerous works, in different languages, many of them inaccessible to the generality of physicians and students, yet the book has a substantial value, apart from these considerations, in that it points out, more definitely and lucidly, than had before been done, the diagnostic symptoms of the several forms of fever under discussion. It is an excellent text book, and, in every respect, a most useful work, and worthy a place in the library of every physician. From the fact of its being of the nature of a compilation, as well as from the character of the subjects treated, it is impossible that it should present such a clear impress of the mind and genius and reasoning powers of the learned writer, as is

stamped on every page of the "Philosophy of Medical Science," of which I am now to speak.

"The essay on Medical Science" was published in 1844, and is the work on which Dr. Bartlett's fame, as an author, will mainly rest, and by which his relative place, among the medical writers of our day, will be established. Upon its first appearance, it was greeted, from some quarters, as might have been anticipated, with the most unsparing criticism, for it grappled, too resolutely, with all theories and systems, past and present, to meet with favor from men wedded to theory. Opinions and beliefs, hoary and venerable from age, were remorselessly brought under the operation of the dissecting knife, and shown up at their true worth and value. "Medical doctrines," so called, as they have been held and taught by Cullen, Brown, Rush, Broussais, Hahnemann, and a host of others, greater or lesser lights, are consigned to one common tomb, since they are all based upon a vicious philosophy, and supported by a false logic. Dr. Bartlett was a zealous disciple of the school of medical observation, so called, and repudiated all theorizing, all hypotheses, all *a priori* assumptions, no matter how plausible or ingenious. "This school," says the doctor, "is characterized by its strict adherence to the study and analysis of morbid phenomena, and their relationships, by the accuracy, the positiveness, and the minute detail, which it has carried into this study and analysis; and by its rejection, as an essential or legitimate element of science, of all *a priori* reasoning and speculation. It is the true *protestant* school of medicine. It either rejects, as

apochryphal, or holds as of no binding authority all the traditions of the fathers, unless they are sustained and sanctioned by its own experience."

His "Philosophy of Medical Science" is deduced from five primary propositions. I cannot so well present a view of the design, and general range of the work, as by a brief statement of them in his own words.

1. All medical science consists in ascertained facts, phenomena or events; with their relation to other facts or phenomena or events; the whole classified and arranged.

2. Each separate class of facts, phenomena and events, with their relationships, constituting as far as they go, medical science, can be ascertained only in one way, and that is by observation or experience. They cannot be deduced or inferred from any other class of facts, phenomena, events or relationships, by any process of induction or reasoning, independent of observation.

3. An absolute law or principle of medical science consists in an absolute and rigorous generalization of some of the facts, phenomena, events or relationships, by the sum of which the science is constituted. The actual ascertainable laws or principles of medical science are, for the most part, not absolute but approximative.

4. Medical doctrines, as they are called, are, in most instances, hypothetical explanations or interpretations, merely, of the ascertained phenomena, and their relationships, of medical science. These explanations consist of certain other assumed and unascertained phe-

nomena and relationships. They do not constitute a legitimate element of medical science. All medical science is absolutely independent of these explanations.

5. Diseases, like all other objects of natural history, are susceptible of classification and arrangement. This classification and arrangement will be natural and perfect just in proportion to the number, the importance, and the degree of the similarities and the dissimilarities between the diseases themselves.

These propositions it is the object of the essay to elaborate, illustrate and defend. Some may dissent from the author's reasonings and conclusions, but all must admit the fairness and ability with which he has conducted the discussion. The work is executed in a manly and truly catholic spirit, and though earnest and decided in its tone, it bears not the slightest mark of intolerance or censoriousness. Every page gives evidence, that it is not the purpose of the writer to establish a *dogma*, but to elucidate the *truth*, with a perfect indifference as to what doctrines or systems, ancient or modern, may be damaged by the investigation. Certainly, no man ever searched for truth with an eye more single, a mind more unprejudiced, more free from the bias of preconceived opinions, than Dr. Bartlett. Candor was one of the predominant traits of his character. He was ever open to conviction, and could weigh the arguments of an opponent as dispassionately as any living man. In all he said, and did, and wrote, having no other end or aim in view than truth, he would have been the first to repudiate his own teachings, and burn his own books, if satisfied



they were vehicles of error. It was his very love of the *true*, and fear of the *false*, that led him to distrust and reject all theorizers, and to base the whole science of medicine on eternal facts. Hence, no man in his estimation has contributed one iota to the advancement of this science, who has not *added something* to our positive knowledge of the phenomena and relationships of diseases. This is the true test by which every claim and every pretension is to be tried. "In this court," says the doctor, "it is not by his *faith*, but his *works*, that every man is to be judged. Not, what do you believe? not what ingenious or plausible hypothesis have you framed? not what supposition have you formed? not, how do you account for this fact or phenomena? but *what have you done? what have you seen? what new phenomena or relationships have you discovered? or what old ones have you rendered more intelligible and positive than they were before?*"

It is not my province, certainly, on an occasion like the present, to review this work, or pass judgment upon the soundness of its positions. Yet, I cannot forbear expressing my confident belief, that time, the great arbiter of the value of all doctrines, and all opinions, will vindicate their general truthfulness, and that the nearer we approximate to a rational and well grounded philosophy, the more perfectly will our views be found in harmony with the sentiments of our author.

The convictions, so firmly and intelligently held by Dr. Bartlett, shaped and moulded, so to speak, his entire practice, and those of us who were his cotempo-

raries, and in the habit of meeting him in professional circles, and at the bedside of the sick, well remember what a keen and accurate observer he was of facts, and how low an estimate he ever placed upon all prescriptive opinions.

The same views, also, led him into a degree of skepticism, perhaps too great a degree, as to the efficacy of therapeutic agents, especially such as had not been subjected to the rigorous test of experience and trial. Hence, his materia medica was limited to a comparatively small number of remedies, and generally those of not the most violent or dangerous kinds. The heroic remedies, as they are commonly termed, he regarded with great distrust, and never to be used in light or questionable cases. He may be said to have endorsed the favorite axiom of Chomel, which he quotes, that it is only the second law of therapeutics *to do good*, the first law being *not to do harm*. There is some pith, though much sarcasm in the saying, that there is a wide difference between a good physician and a bad one; but a small difference between a good physician and no physician at all. A moral, however, may be drawn from it, that over officiousness does oftentimes more harm than would result from an entire neglect of the means of art, and is an error that Dr. Bartlett was little likely to fall into.

Let me not be understood, in what I have said, as intimating that Dr. Bartlett undervalued the great lights of medicine, whose immortal works have shed unfading lustre on their names, and, in every age, reflected such bright effulgence on the pathway of the followers of the healing art; men, who in their day

and generation, have been the benefactors of their race. Far, very far from it. No one had a juster appreciation of their merits, or held them in higher, more reverential regard. So far as they gave us facts, and the results of careful observation — so far as they added to the sum total of medical knowledge, in whatever department, physiology, pathology or therapeutics, he gratefully accepted their teachings; yet he was careful to discriminate between the *wheat* of the facts and the *chaff* of the theories and the opinions.

Dr. Bartlett's published writings of a not strictly professional character are numerous, all of them good, and some of a high order of excellence. Amid the active duties of a profession, to which he was devoted, he found time to cultivate his inborn taste for the *belles lettres* and general literature, and I hazard little in saying, that had he given himself exclusively to such pursuits, he would have taken rank with the very first of our literary men. In enumerating his miscellaneous writings, I may not be able to preserve the order in which they severally appeared.

As early as 1821, when he was but seventeen years of age, he was a contributor to the columns of the Worcester Spy. Thus early, may he be said to have commenced his literary career. In 1830, he delivered an oration, on the Anniversary of our National Independence, before the citizens of Lowell, and in 1850, just twenty years later, performed for our people the same acceptable service. Both orations were published. In 1831, appeared, from his hand, a translation from the French, of a charming, sprightly little work,



entitled "Sketches of the Character and Writings of eminent living Surgeons and Physicians in Paris." His year's residence in that city, under the teachings of these great masters, specially qualified him for the task, which he undertook and executed *con amore*.—He felt, for those illustrious men, something more than the dutiful regard of a pupil,—an almost idolatrous veneration, and desired to give his own countrymen, through a language they understood, not only a more intimate acquaintance with their distinctive traits of character, but a more perfect knowledge of their scientific researches and professional attainments. One of his objects, in undertaking this work, as he declares, is, "by the influences of such high examples to awaken in the younger members of the medical body a more devoted and worthy emulation of the great masters of our art." This sentiment is in beautiful harmony with his whole life. He was ever laboring and striving, with a perfectly unselfish aim, to elevate the standard of professional attainment, and to inspire the young practitioner with a lofty and honorable ambition to excel in his chosen pursuit.

Among the most useful of his literary labors was the editing of Paley's Natural Theology, with selections from the dissertations and notes of LORD BROUGHAM and SIR CHARLES BELL, illustrated by numerous wood cuts, and prefaced by a life of the author, in two vols. This work was undertaken at the instance, and under the authority, of the Board of Education, and is one in the series of the "School Library."

"A Vindication of the character and condition of the Females, employed in the Lowell Mills," was first

published in 1839, in five consecutive numbers of the Lowell Courier. It was called forth by a ferocious attack, in the "Boston Times" and "Boston Quarterly Review," upon the system of Factory labor, as destructive of the health and morals of the operatives. It is written with great candor and ability, and presents facts and statistics to refute the extravagant, groundless and gratuitous charges preferred. Two years afterwards, depreciatory remarks, similar to those that originally called forth the vindication, having been repeated, in certain quarters, with great emphasis, the articles were republished, in pamphlet form, and extensively circulated.

'"The Head and the Heart, or the relative importance of Moral and Intellectual Education," delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, 1838.

"Address" delivered at the Anniversary celebration of the birth of Spurzheim, and the organization of the Boston Phrenological Society, Jan. 1, 1838.

"A Lecture on the sense of the Beautiful," delivered before the Lexington Lyceum, Jan. 20, 1843.

"A brief sketch of the Life, Character and Writings of William Charles Wells, M. D., F. R. S.," delivered before the Louisville Medical Society, Dec. 7, 1849.

"A Discourse on the Times, Character and Writings of Hippocrates," before the Trustees, Faculty and Medical class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, at the opening of the term 1852-53.

The poetic element was predominant in Dr. Bartlett, and so harmoniously blended with the high qualities of his mind and heart, that it mingled with, and adorned, all his productions, and you instinctively felt,

he was a poet. But it was not, however, till he put forth, from his sick chamber, a book of verses, that it became known to many of his friends that he was a *writer* of poetry. His favorite author, Dickens, beguiled him of many a wearisome hour of his long confinement, and the life-like pictures, that this graphic writer placed before his mental eye, he adorned with "*Simple Settings*," as he modestly calls them. These he had printed and dedicated to his friends as a Christmas gift. "The inditing of them," he says, "has been to me a most pleasant occupation — I cannot call it a labor, and has helped to while away many an hour, that would otherwise have been weary and vacant, of my invalid life. If you find them — as I hope you will — earnest, simple and healthful; and if they serve to recal to you, pleasantly, him, who sends them, I shall be more than content, and they will have been twice blest to me; first, in the cheerful presence which their growth and blossoming have brought into my quiet chamber; and next, in the kindly remembrance they will have awakened of your old friend, the writer of them."

I need only say of the "*Settings*," they are worthy the gem, and breathe the same spirit of philanthropy, hopefulness and humanity, that was so prominent, in the life and character of the gifted writer, for there was in Dr. Bartlett, to quote his own words —

A scorn of all baseness, cruelty and craft,  
 Hardness of heart and sordid greed of gold,  
 All hollow, seeming cant and sly chicane,  
 Honor to worthiness he paid, wherever found,  
 And nobleness and virtue       \*       \*       \*

The piece, in this little book, most replete with beauty, sentiment and pathos, is entitled "Poor Jo," a character so inimitably drawn by Dickens. "Poor Jo," as is known to all the readers of Bleakhouse, is a child of sorrow, suffering and neglect, the representative and the type of a too numerous class, found in the purlieus of London, and other great cities of the Old World, and alas, also, of the New. From these exquisitely touching lines, worthy of Bryant, Longfellow, or any poet of our day, I cannot forbear quoting at some length, illustrating as they do the good and kind heart and tender sympathies of our departed friend:—

But thou, young Queen, whose gentle hand  
Holds the fair sceptre of command,  
O'er all the wide and loyal land ;

Who sitt'st apart, serene, alone,  
And ye, from social zone to zone,  
Who guard, uphold, and grace the throne ;

The brave, the great, the wise, the fair,  
Who breathe this soft and fragrant air,  
Which suffers no ignoble care ;

Who ward our thresholds, while we sleep,  
Our altar-fires, who feed and keep ;  
Who watch the realm from steep to steep ;

And ye, whose bark joy's wanton breeze  
Wafts o'er the smooth and sun-lit seas,  
Lapt in the purple down of ease ;

Oh ! learn this truth ; take heed and know,  
The wretched boy who died below  
That cabin's roof, was *brother Jo* !

Yes ! yours and mine ! one Father's face  
 Bends o'er us all ; one Saviour's grace  
 Infolds us with its wide embrace.

One blood, one brain, one weal or woe,  
 One heaven, or hell, to which we go,—  
 One judgment seat for us and Jo !

Then be as brothers, kind and just ;  
 Fulfil that Golden Rule and trust,  
 Our Great Redeemer said we must.

Lift up the fallen ; help the weak ;  
 The lost, estraying wanderer seek ;  
 And comfort to the mourner speak ;

Unveil the mysteries that lie  
 On earth, in ocean, air and sky  
 And open every ear and eye,

To see the beauty that upsprings,  
 To hear the music that outrings  
 From all this wondrous frame of things ;

O'er all His works, with glory lit,  
 To know the meaning, God has writ  
 In characters so fair and fit.

Mix love with rule, and right with might ;  
 On darkened brains let in the light ;  
 Dispel this worse than brutish night ;

Unseal the fountains of that deep,  
 In every human soul that sleep,  
 And let their living waters leap,—

Whence all the kind affections flow  
 That sweeten life, and love doth grow  
 To God above and man below.

Her line of light let conscience draw,  
 And, clad in more than mortal awe,  
 Utter the thunders of her law.



In his lines to Tim Linkinwater, one of the characters in *Nicholas Nickelby*, so graphically portrayed by his admired Dickens, he pays the following beautiful tribute to the author:—

To him the chiel, whose magic words, through many a various page,  
Assert the right, rebuke the wrong and charm the listening age,  
Whom the nation's plaudits follow, wheresoever forth he goes,  
The gentle Will of these our times, the Shakspeare of our prose.

God bless him, Tim ! for all the good, his gray goose quill has wrought,  
For all the lessons, grave and gay, his genial lips have taught ;  
For all the light his sunny face has shed o'er lonely hours ;  
For all the rugged paths his hands have scattered o'er with flowers ;

For all the bonds of human love his cunning skill has knit,  
In mingled links of dark and bright, of wisdom and of wit ;  
For every generous impulse, for every pure desire,  
His torch has kindled in our hearts with its Promethean fire ;

His faith in man, his trust in God, unfaltering and serene ;  
His thorough scorn of every thing unworthy, false or mean ;  
The tender love and pity that warm his throbbing breast,  
For the wronged, the poor, the trodden down, the wretched and  
oppressed ;

For the thousand Christmas fires, lit up in cottage and in hall ;  
For the merry Christmas meetings that have gathered at his call ;  
For the children made so happy, in the homes of many lands,  
Who run to meet him when he comes, and clap their little hands.

All blessings and all good be his ! peace, health and length of days !  
A life filled up with noble work and graced with grateful praise ;  
And by and by, to cheer his age, and crown his silver hair,  
His sons, all brave and manly men, his daughters good and fair ;  
And children's children on his knee and round his elbow chair.

Dr. Bartlett had a strong feeling of human brotherhood — an irrepressible love for his fellow-man. He never disowned or ignored his relationship to his race.

A *man*, whatever his outward or moral condition, whatever his color or nationality, was still a *man* and a *brother*, the offspring of a common Parent. This feeling, with him, was not a passing, transient emotion; not an affected sentimentalism nor a political figment, but the deep, earnest, abiding conviction of his inmost soul. He acted it; he lived it; he exemplified it through his entire life. Yet, there was not a spice of radicalism in his nature; he was no leveler — on the other hand, eminently conservative. He had a boundless admiration for greatness; for great moral worth or great intellectual endowments; yet the poorest, the humblest and the most wretched were none of them beneath his warm and genial sympathies, or of his helping hand. Of the great men of our day, there was no one, for whom he had so enthusiastic regard, as Mr. Clay, who was his *beau ideal* of a forensic orator. In a private letter to a friend, written soon after having made a visit to the Senate Chamber, he says:—"It was perfectly delightful to see him, in a sharp, hot, extempore skirmish with Mr. Calhoun, swinging about his long arms, throwing back, first on one side, and then on the other, his thin stray locks, and transfigured all over with eloquence, every part of his impassioned, flexible frame vocal, tongue, lips, eyes, hands, arms, heart and all."

Dr. Bartlett's religious views were calm, rational and sober. His parents having been members of the Society of Friends, his early religious training received a bias in that direction; and though he did not adopt their mode of faith, yet these early impressions were visible, through life, in the quietness of his de-

meanor, in the moderation of his views, and the gentleness of his spirit. He had an unwavering belief in an over-ruling and ever watchful Providence, that governs and directs the affairs of men. In a letter to a very dear and intimate friend in affliction, full of expressions of sympathy and of consolation, derived from religious considerations, he concludes,—“The uncertainty of life has long been to me a daily theme of meditation. But I have found an antidote to the gloom and sadness, which it would otherwise occasion, in remembering, that all things are in the hands of a wise Disposer, and the surest way to please Him, as well as to secure our own *present*, as well as *future* peace, is to submit to his dispensations, and to follow on in the course of active and cheerful duty to Him, to our fellow-men and to ourselves.”

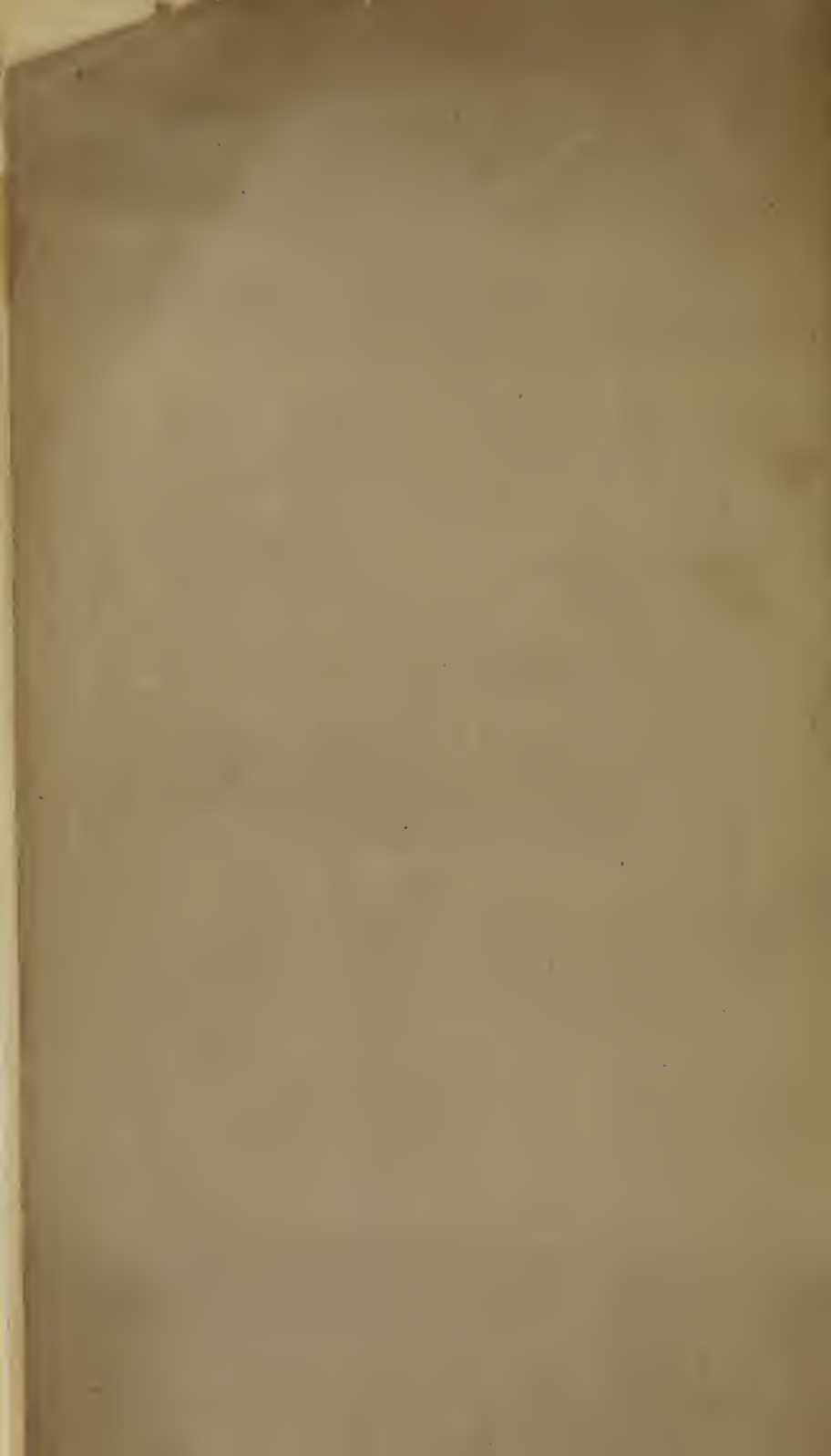
In the latter part of his life, his religious character was still more fully developed and perfected. He had a firm christian faith, that sustained him in the hours of sickness, and enabled him to meet death, not only with calmness, but triumph. He had that anchor of the soul, which is the only true support in the last great conflict. Wearied by a long and trying sickness, he welcomed death, as an introduction to a higher and better state of existence, and fell asleep like one, “who wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lays him down to quiet slumbers.” Peace to the memory of our ever dear friend and brother. May we be led, by his bright example, to emulate his virtues, that we may share his rewards.

How forcibly, my brothers, are we reminded, by the records of the past, of the shortness and uncertainty



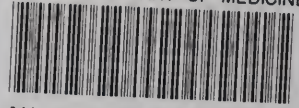
of human life. From within the limits of our Association, since the oldest of us commenced practice in this town, how many have been called from the fields of their labor. Some, indeed, in advanced life, others in the meridian of their usefulness, and others still, at the very commencement of their career. Thomas and Howe, the venerable men, to whom we so often looked, in times of difficulty and danger, for counsel and guidance, Graves, Bradley, Kittredge of Chelmsford, Kittredge of Tewksbury, Brown of Billerica, Butterfield, Peirce the senior, Brown of Lowell, Elliott, Bartlett, Peirce the younger and last, Pillsbury.

May the remembrance, that to us, too, time is short, enable us to form a more just and serious estimate of human life and its responsibilities, and prompt us to a more active and faithful fulfilment of all our duties to God, and to our fellow-men.





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